he tells us of his worries. Inextricable situation of the *Revue;* impossibility of either keeping it going or getting out of it.

And there is one less day to live. But all work becomes impossible for me as soon as the table on which I am writing does not stand squarely. I repeat to myself Kenan's sentence that I used to quote: *ln order to think freely, one must feel assured that what one is writing will be of no consequence/*

This morning I go to meet Jacques Riviere at the office of *the Revue,* where Jean Schlumberger joins us, whom I lead off to Eugene Rouart's — where I am to meet Copeau.

The three of us lunched together at Vian's; long study of the situation. It seems to us to offer no way out. What an odd thing to think that necessarily time will bring one!

Written in the train (on the way to Vichy), 19 January

I met Copeau at eight o'clock at the little English tavern of the rue d'Amsterdam (the one, I believe, of the trip to London in A *Rebours**)s where we dined. Copeau's very good advice: Jean Schlumberger withdrawing from the editorial board of the N.R.F., which would continue with its two other editors, and even if need be with Copeau alone should Ruyters be recalled to Abyssinia.

Hotel BeUevue, NeucMtel

In this hotel, of which I had such an excellent memory, I get only a miserable little room filled with a devil-may-care taste. I shall not dine, but simply go to a near-by cafe and get, at nine o'clock, a *caf6 au la$y* which will keep me awake until four o'clock, together with the racket my neighbors make from midnight until two. In the cafe I had written to Miomandre to congratulate him on an article on Mme de Segur I had just read in the *Gazette de Lausanne.* Before returning to my pitiful room, I tarry at the cinema; the tot in a light-tan velvet suit with a torn sleeve (he had a white wool *"Mvtze"),* so vulgar, so

healthy, so fall of laughter, who comes and sits beside me, talks with me, tries to keep me there when I want to go, by asserting that I have a right to more of the show. . . .

Have I reached the limit of experience? And shall I be able to catch hold of myself again now? I need to put my remaining energy to some studious use. How easy it would be for me now to throw myself into a confessional! How difficult it is to be at one and the same time, for one-self, he who commands and he who obeys! But what spiritual director

[1] In Huysman's novel *Agftinst the Gram* the strange aesthete Des Esseintes, who lives in a dream world, "takes a trip to London* by simply spending an evening in an English tavern in Paris,